

## A Friendly Talk About Weapons

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Summary: We all know that Hiccup is pretty much hopeless with any sort of weapon that isn't related to dragons. Astrid, however, wants to convince Hiccup to at least consider giving weapons another go. After all, everyone needs to learn how to defend themselves, right? Rated K, because that is what I think it deserves.

## A Friendly Talk About Weapons

4/18/13

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><p><strong>Hiccup's POV<strong>

It was another normal day on the bleak island of Berk. Normal days in most places would be considered horribly boring. However when your idea of normal consists of making sure you don't get run over accidentally by a passing dragon and answering questions about the basic care of the big scaly beasts, even the most boring days are never entirely too dull. If you don't mind the weather, that is.

I was in the forge, working on making some new parts for Toothless' tailfin. The old ones had started to get a bit rusty from all the flying out over the ocean we did. I was so into my work I didn't even notice it when Gobber, the local blacksmith and a good friend to me and my father, entered, carrying with him a huge pile of weapons. I did notice however, when he dropped everything on the table next to where I was working. I was so surprised that I accidentally slammed the hammer I was using onto my finger. Luckily, I was working on one of the smaller parts of the fin then, so it wasn't one of the larger forging hammers, but it still hurt, \_a lot\_.

"AH! Gobber! What are you doing? Couldn't you have, I don't know, \_knocked\_?" I yelled, clutching my throbbing finger.

"Oh, sorry abou' tha' lad; I woulda knocked, but I forgot, not to mention I had me arms full of all these weapons from various villagers that need sharpenin' and fixing," he replied, walking past me to pick up some of the various sharp things that had fallen to the ground. "I'm goin' over to Mulch's today for the rest o' today. It seems his Nadder was being extra curious last night and got into somethin' he shouldn't have, and hasn't stopped moanin' since."

"Oh, well then, tell Mulch and his dragon that I hope he gets better," I said, turning back to my work. I was about to start hammering again, when I felt Gobber grab my shoulder.

He spun me around and said, "Oh wait there just a second, Hiccup. I need you to sharpen these while I'm gone, since I won't be here to do it meself." I turned my head to get a better look at how many weapons exactly he expected me to sharpen. As I saw how many, I felt my eyes widen. It would take me \_all day\_ to finish this pile!

"But Gobber, do you realize how long this will take me to finish? I have to work on Toothless' tailfin today!" I tried to explain why I couldn't possibly do all this today, but it didn't work. I swear, sometimes he can be nearly as stubborn and boar-headed as my father, and that was saying something.

"Ah ah ah, I don't want to hear it, Hiccup. The work will still be here when you finish with whatever it is you're doin', so why not finish sharpenin' the stuff now, so you can end with your project?" I sighed, when Gobber wanted something done, there was almost no arguing with him.

"Fine, Gobber, I'll get right on it." I looked back at the pile. This was going to be a \_long\_ day.

After a few hours, I was once again visited, but this time by someone I'd much rather see.

"Hey Hiccup, what's going on?" I turned towards the door and smiled.

"Hey Astrid, nothing much. Gobber just gave me a huge pile of the villagers' weapons to sharpen, and it's taken up the majority of my work day." I rolled my eyes in annoyance while telling her about my workload for the day. She looked over to the pile and let out a low whistle.

"Wow, that is a big pile," she said. "What, did everyone we know decide to get together and decide to bang their weapons on rocks for fun?"

I smirked, "Something, like that, I'm guessing. Any reason you decided to drop by?" I asked, not looking away from the grindstone.

"Not really, I already went for a flight with Stormfly, finished my daily training routine, and finished my chores around the house. I didn't have anything else to do, so why not pay my favorite dragon

trainer a visit?" I smiled at that.

"Well, I always welcome the company Astrid, you're welcome to stay and witness the wonder that is basic weapon maintenance." She punched me in the arm and sat down across the room. We stayed like that for about an hour or so, just talking about whatever came to mind. It eventually came to that the topic changed to some of the weapons that were currently here in the forge.

"I know we don't have as much use for them now that we've made peace with the dragons and everything, but you have to admire a nice hammer or sword in all its glory," she said, running her fingers along one of the blades I had yet to work on.

"Uh huh, yeah, sure," I mumbled, focusing on a particularly stubborn dent in someone's dagger. I had never been much of a fan of weapons, mostly because I had never been strong enough to lift one decently enough to even think about using it in battle. I couldn't even throw a bola right. I also didn't really want a weapon due to the fact that untrained dragons can get easily spooked by sharp, pointy things, and when you had a scared giant fire-breathing reptile on the loose, things usually didn't end up looking very pretty.

"I'm serious," she said. She looked over at me, narrowing her eyes. "You know, you should really learn to fight with one."

I turned to Astrid, incredulously. "Are you kidding Astrid? I couldn't use one of these weapons even if I wanted to," I said, turning back to the dagger. "Besides, when will I ever need one anyway? I have Toothless now, and not many people want to mess with the offspring of lightning and death itself."

"You know as well as I do that I'm not kidding, Hiccup," she replied, giving me another punch in the shoulder. "Everyone, dragon trainer or not, should at least know how to use some sort of weapon. What would happen if you were to get separated from Toothless in a hostile environment again?" I gave her a questioning look.

She must have known what I was about to ask, because she answered before I could ask. "Snotlout told us what happened when you guys were stranded on Outcast Island." I huffed in annoyance. Of the many undesirable qualities that he possessed, Snotlout never did know what not to say or when not to say it.

I sighed, she had a point. "Alright, I see what you're saying Astrid, but even if I wanted to, there isn't a weapon on this island that would be right for me. The gods know my dad has tried to find one for me." The last part I said under my breath.

She adopted a thoughtful look onto her face. "What about an ax?"

"You've seen me carry one around. I can barely walk with it."

"Well then, what about a smaller war hammer?"

"It wouldn't be very effective with the size it would have to be for me just to lift it."

"Bola?"

"Tangled myself up in it the only time I tried to throw one."

"A bow and arrow?"

"You do not want to know what happened when I tried using a bow."

By now, I could tell she was getting frustrated with me. "What about a sword then?" I just shook my head and went back to working on the humungous pile I had been assigned. I picked up another sword and began to work on it.

It seemed someone out there just didn't want me to not be hurt today, since I was once again surprised into hurting myself.

"Hiccup!" I heard Astrid exclaim after I had finished a few more swords, making me stumble in my work and giving me a small cut on my hand from the sword I was sharpening. I hissed in pain and sucked on the cut to keep it from bleeding too much.

"What?" I asked, though it was kind of muffled due to the current placement of my hand. I again looked over to her, and saw she had wide eyes, and was looking from me to the few swords I had just finished.

"What about a sword?" she exclaimed.

I sighed, "Astrid, I already told you I can't use a sword." This was getting just a little annoying. I went to pick up the blade I had dropped when she spoke again.

"Why?"

I glanced back at her. "Why, what?"

"Why can't you use a sword? You didn't seem to have a problem lifting the last few swords you worked on," she gestured to the now sharp swords in my area for finished repairs. Well, she was right about one thing, out of all the weapons I was given today, the swords had been the easiest to lift (well, technically, it had been the daggers, but I don't think that was the kind of weapon Astrid had in mind). I still wouldn't be able to use one though.

"Look Astrid, when I was younger, like every Viking parent, my dad tried to find what weapon I would be best suited for. One of the weapons he had me try was a sword. Like all the others, it was a total failure. Eventually, he just gave up on me in the weapons field, which was shortly followed by the everything-else-field." My dad and I may be on much better terms than we used to be, but that doesn't mean I wasn't allowed to be at least a little upset at what he put me through for a large chunk of my life.

"Yes Hiccup, I know that, but I want specifics. Why didn't the sword work for you?" she pressed.

I actually had to think about that for a minute. It was so long ago, and so much has happened since then, that I'd kind of forgotten what happened that day for the most part. Finally, I was able to remember,

so I told her what went down.

"Well, for the most part, the sword test actually went somewhat better than the others. It was lighter than the others, so it was a little easier to lift, but it was still heavy. Then when I went to try and swing with it, it just felt off. It felt wrong, like it was just not compatible with me. I actually got so sloppy with it that I nearly took Gobber's good arm off." I winced at the memory. "After that, I kind of just gave up on trying to find myself a weapon." I looked down, still a bit embarrassed, "Besides, my dad may be the chief, but I'm the village hiccup. No one really expected I'd be any good at fighting anyway."

Astrid just continued to look at me like she was studying me, as if staring at me long enough might reveal all the answers she was looking for. When she didn't say anything in reply, I went back to work. Though something told me she wasn't quite ready to drop it just yet.

I was right. After a few more minutes, Astrid interrupted me again, "Hey Hiccup?"

"Hmm?" I murmured without turning around.

"Do you remember which hand you used to lift the sword with the day your dad had you test all those weapons?" she asked.

"My right hand, like everyone else, why?"

"Well, as I've been watching you work on these things for the past two hours, I've noticed something." I raised my eyebrow. "You do everything that I would do with my right hand, with your left hand instead." I looked at my hands. That was another weird thing about me. Other than being the runt of Berk, I was also the only one on the island that used their left hand more than their right.

"Well, yeah, that's how I've always done things. Just another anomaly I guess, right?" I chuckled. I'm not exactly sure why I found it funny, I guess I never got how people could use their right hands so often when it's always been easier to use my left.

"Have you ever tried to lift a sword with your left hand instead of your right?" she had a very curious look on her face. I shook my head. She gestured over to the pile of finished weapons, inviting me to try. Cautiously, I picked one up, with my left hand, and got a feel for it, swinging it around experimentally. Surprisingly, it didn't feel as awkward as I thought it would. "Well," she said, looking at me expectantly, "how does it feel?"

I looked up at her with a smile on my face, "Actually," I told her, "it doesn't feel half bad." With that, she folded her arms and gave me a satisfied smirk as if she was saying, \_I told you so\_.

"Alright Astrid, I'll try this out." She dropped the smirk and smiled at me when I said that, "On \_one\_ condition." Her eyes narrowed and she frowned.

"Yeah? What's the condition?"

I pointed to her. "If I'm going to do this, \_you\_ have to be my

trainer," I told her.

She gave me a toothy grin at that. "Alright dragon-boy, I'll be your sword trainer." She looked out the window. "I should get going, it's getting pretty late." I looked out the window and saw that she was right; the sun was starting to set.

"But before I go," she gave me a sly smile, and, again, punched me in the arm. I glared at her. "That was for giving me a hard time about all the weapons." I rolled my eyes. Of course Astrid would say something like that. Then, as she usually did (but that didn't mean I was expecting it), she suddenly grabbed me by the shoulders and gave me a firm kiss on the lips. "And that was for finally agreeing to train with one, and with me." With that, she walked out of the forge, leaving me in a daze, grinning stupidly after her.

After I got out of the stupor she had left me in post-kiss, I looked down at the sword that was still in my hand. Who knows? This might actually turn out to be a good thing. But, if I was going to be a sword fighter as well as a dragon trainer now, I would need a blade of my very own. "Sorry Gobber, Toothless, I guess your work will just have to wait for now."

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><p><strong>Hi everyone!<strong>

\*\*Alright, so this was my first attempt at a one-shot. How'd I do? I know I should be working on my other story, but this plot bunny would just not leave me alone. Therefore, I had to write it.\*\*

\*\*For those of you who read or are still reading my other story: a multi-chapter called A New View, don't worry, I'm working on it, and I'll try to have the next chapter up before too much longer.\*\*

\*\*Anyway, please please please read and review, but please, as I find them extremely rude, please don't flame me. Constructive criticism I'll accept, but no flames.\*\*

\*\*Good night my lovely pretties!\*\*

\*\*~Love & Secrets\*\*

\*\*P.S. Here's a riddle for you all:\*\*

\*\*I come in many forms,\*\*

\*\*I'm nearly everywhere you go,\*\*

\*\*I can make you feel happy or sad,\*\*

\*\*Some like me fast, some slow.\*\*

\*\*I'm heard by everyone\*\*

\*\*Whether they've loved or fought\*\*

\*\*I'm even inside of your body\*\*

**\*\*Whether you like it or not. \*\***

**\*\*What am I?\*\***

**\*\*I'll PM you with the right answer if you decide to attempt it.  
Please leave your answer in a review or PM\*\***

End  
file.